

N Bible Old Test. Psalms 3090.000.
SHORT PORTIONS *3*

OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS;

SELECTED FROM THE

OLD and NEW VERSIONS,

AND FROM THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ADDISON, POPE, WATTS, &c.

AND ADAPTED BOTH TO

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE USE.

*Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom;
teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and
Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your
Hearts to the Lord.*

COL. iii. 16.

BRISTOL:

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M.DCC.XCVI.

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*THE profits arising from the sale of this
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of St. George, in the county of Gloucester.*



BRISTOL:

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MDCCLXXV

OLD VERSION.

Part of PSALM XXV.

I LIFT my heart to thee,
 my God and guide most just ;
 Now suffer me to take no shame,
 for in thee do I trust.

Direct me in thy truth,
 and teach me, I thee pray ;
 Thou art my Saviour and my God,
 on thee I wait alway.

Thy mercies manifold
 remember, Lord, I pray ;
 In pity thou art plentiful,
 and so hast been alway.

Nor after my deserts
 let me thy mercy find ;
 But of thine own benignity,
 Lord, have me in thy mind.

His mercy is full sweet,
 his truth a perfect guide ;
 Therefore the Lord will sinners teach,
 and such as go aside.

The humble he will teach
 his precepts to obey,
 He will direct in all his paths
 the lowly man alway.

Part of PSALM XXVIII.

6 **T**O render thanks unto the Lord
 how great a cause have I,
 My voice, my pray'r, and my complaint
 that heard so willingly!

He is my shield and fortitude,
 my buckler in distress;
 My heart rejoiceth greatly, and
 my song shall him confess.

He is our strength and our defence,
 our foes for to resist,
 The health and the salvation of
 his own elect by Christ.

Thy people and thy heritage,
 Lord, bless, guide and preserve;
 Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,
 that they may never swerve.

Part of PSALM XXXVI.

7 **T**HY mercy is above all things,
 O God, it doth excel;
 In trust whereof, as in thy wings,
 the sons of men shall dwell.

Within thy house they shall be fed
 with plenty at their will,
 Of all delights they shall be sped,
 and take thereof their fill:

Because the well of life most pure
 doth ever flow from thee,

And

And in thy light we are full sure
eternal light to see.

From such as thee desire to know
let not thy grace depart,
Thy righteousness declare and show
to men of upright heart.

Part of PSALM XL.

1 **I** Waited long and fought the Lord,
and patiently did bear;
At length he did to me accord
my voice and cry to hear:

He brought me from the dreadful pit,
out of the mire and clay;
Upon a rock he set my feet,
and he did guide my way:

To me he taught a psalm of praise,
which I must shew abroad,
And sing new songs of thanks always
unto the Lord our God.

When all the folk these things shall see,
as people much afraid,
Then they unto the Lord will flee,
and trust upon his aid.

Part of PSALM LI.

1 **O** LORD, consider my distress,
and now with speed some pity take;
My sins forgive, my faults redress,
good Lord, for thy great mercy's sake,

Against thee only have I sinn'd,
 and done this evil in thy sight :
 And if I should no mercy find,
 yet were thy judgments just and right.

If thou with hyssop purge this blot,
 I shall be cleaner than the glass ;
 And if thou wash away my spot,
 the snow in whiteness I shall pass.

Turn back thy face and frowning ire,
 for I have felt enough thy hand ;
 And purge my sins, I thee desire,
 which do in number pass the sand.

Make new my heart within my breast,
 and frame it to thy holy will ;
 And let thy spirit in me rest,
 which may my soul with comfort fill.

Part of Psalm LXVII.

1 **H**AVE mercy on us, Lord,
 and grant to us thy grace,
 To shew to us do thou accord
 the brightness of thy face ;

That all the earth may know
 the way to godly wealth,
 And all the nations here below
 may see thy saving health.

Throughout the world so wide
 let all rejoice with mirth ;
 For thou with truth and right dost guide
 the nations of the earth.

Let

Let all the world, O God,
give praise unto thy Name,
And let the people all abroad
extol and laud the same:

Then shall the earth increase,
great store of fruit shall fall;
And then our God, the God of peace,
shall ever bless us all.

Part of PSALM LXXIII.

23 **W**HAT thing is there that I can wish
but thee in heav'n above?
And in the earth there nothing is
like thee that I can love.

My flesh and spirit both do fail,
but God will me restore;
For of my heart he is the strength
and portion evermore.

But lo, all such as thee forsake
thou shalt destroy each one,
And those that trust in any thing
saying in thee alone.

Therefore will I draw near to God
and ever with him dwell;
In God alone I put my trust,
his wonders I will tell.

PSALM C.

1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
sing to the Lord with chearful voice;

Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
come ye before him and rejoyce.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
without our aid he did us make ;

We are his flock, he doth us feed,
and for his sheep he doth us take.

O enter then his gates with praise,
approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
for it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
his mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
and shall from age to age endure.

Part of PSALM CIII.

1 **M**Y soul give praise unto the Lord,
my spirit do the same ;
And all the secrets of my heart
praise ye his holy Name ;

Praise thou the Lord, my soul, who hath
to thee been very kind ;
And suffer not his benefits
to slip out of thy mind ;

That gave thee pardon for thy faults,
and thee restor'd again
From all thy weak and frail disease,
and heal'd thee of thy pain ;

That did redeem thy life from death,
from which thou could'st not flee,

His

His mercy and compassion both
he did extend to thee.

Part of PSALM CIV.

1 **M**Y soul, praise the Lord,
 speak good of his name :
O Lord our great God,
 how dost thou appear !
So passing in glory,
 that great is thy fame,
Honour and Majesty
 In thee shine most clear.
How sundry, O Lord,
 are all thy works found ?
With wisdom full great
 they are indeed wrought ;
So that the whole world of
 thy praises doth sound ;
And as for thy riches,
 they pass all men's thoughts.
The praise of the Lord
 for ever shall last,
Who may in his works
 by right well rejoice.
His look can the earth make
 to tremble full fast,
And likewise the mountains
 to smoke at his voice.
To this Lord and God
 will I sing always ;

So long as I live,
 my God praise will I:
 Then am I most certain
 my words shall him please;
 I will rejoyce in him,
 to him will I cry.
 The sinners, O Lord,
 consume in thine ire;
 Also the perverse,
 them root out with shame;
 But as for my soul now,
 let it still desire,
 And say with the faithful,
 praise ye the Lord's Name.

Part of PSALM CVI.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for he is good,
 his mercy lasts alway;
 Who can expresse his noble acts,
 or all his praise display?
 They blessed are that judgment keep,
 and justly do alway:
 With favour of thy people, Lord,
 remember me, I pray;
 And with thy saving health, O Lord,
 vouchsafe to visit me,
 That I the great felicity
 of thine elect may see;
 And with thy people's joy I may
 a joyful mind possess,

And

And may with thine inheritance
a cheerful heart exprefs.

PSALM CXIII.

1 **Y**E children which do ſerve the Lord,
praiſe ye his name with one accord:
Yea, bleſſed be alway his Name,
Who from the riſing of the ſun,
Till it return where it begun,
Is to be praiſed with great fame.

The Lord all people doth ſurmound,
as for his glory we may count,
Above the higheſt heav'ns to be;
with God the Lord who can compare,
Whoſe dwellings in the heavens are?
of ſuch great pow'r and force is he.

He doth abaſe himſelf we know
things to behold on earth below,
And alſo in the heav'n above:
The needy out of duſt to draw,
Alſo the poor which help none ſaw,
his mercy only did him move;

And ſo did ſet him up on high,
with princes of great dignity,
That rule his people with great fame.
The barren he doth make to bear,
And with great joy her fruit to rear;
therefore praiſe ye his holy name.

Part of PSALM CXIX.

33 **I**NSTRUCT me, Lord, in the right way
of thy statutes divine,
And them to keep unto the end
my heart I will incline.

Grant me the knowledge of thy law,
and I shall it obey :
With heart and mind and all my might
I will keep it alway.

In the right paths of thy commands
guide me, Lord, I require ;
No other pleasure do I wish,
no greater thing desire.

Incline my heart thy laws to keep,
and cov'nants to embrace,
And from all filthy avarice,
Lord, shield me with thy grace.

From vain desires and worldly lusts
turn back my eyes and sight,
And with thy Spirit strengthen me
to walk thy ways aright.

Confirm thy gracious promise, Lord,
Which thou hast made to me,
Who am thy servant, and do love,
and nothing fear but thee.

Part of PSALM CXXV.

1 **T**HOSE that do place their confidence
upon the Lord our God only,
And

And flee to him for their defence
 In all their need and misery,
 Their faith is sure still to endure,
 grounded on Christ the corner-stone:
 Mov'd with no ill, but standeth still
 stedfast like to the mount Sion.

O Lord, do good to Christians all,
 that stedfast in thy word abide:
 But such as from the Lord do fall,
 and to false doctrine daily slide,
 Them will the Lord scatter abroad,
 with hypocrites thrown down to hell;
 God will them send pains without end;
 but, Lord, grant peace to Israel.

Part of PSALM CXXXVI.

1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord, for he is good;
 for his mercy endureth for ever.

Who only doth great wond'rous works;
 for his mercy, &c.

Who by his wisdom made the heav'ns;
 for his mercy, &c.

Who on the waters stretch'd the earth;
 for his mercy, &c

Who made great lights to shine abroad;
 for his mercy, &c.

The sun to rule the lightsome day;
 for his mercy, &c.

The moon and stars to rule the night;
for his mercy, &c.

Who giveth food unto all flesh;
for his mercy endureth for ever.

Part of PSALM CXLIX.

1 **S**ING ye unto the Lord our God
a new rejoicing song,
And let the praise of him be heard
his holy saints among.

Let Israel rejoice in God
and praises to him sing,
And let the seed of Sion be
most joyful in their King.

Let them sound praise with voice of lute
unto his holy name,
And with the timbrel and the harp
sing praises to the same.

For why? the Lord his pleasure all
hath in his people set,
And by deliv'rance he will raise
the meek to glory great.

Part of VENI CREATOR.

1 **C**OME Holy Ghost, eternal God,
proceeding from above,
Both from the Father and the Son,
the God of peace and love:

Visit

Visit our minds, and into us
thy heav'nly grace inspire;
That truth and godliness we may
pursue with full desire.

Thou art the very Comforter
in all grief and distress;
The heav'nly gift of God most high,
which no tongue can express:

The fountain and the living spring
of joy celestial;
The fire so bright, the love so sweet,
and unction spiritual.

Part of the PRAYER to the HOLY GHOST.

1 COME Holy Spirit, God of might,
the Comforter of all,
Teach us to know thy word aright,
that we may never fall.

O Lord, that giv'st thy holy word,
send preachers plenteously,
That in the same we may accord,
and therein live and die.

O Holy Spirit, guide aright
the preachers of thy word;
That thou by them may'st cut down sin,
as it were with a sword.

Depart not from thy pastors pure,
but aid them at their need,
Who break to us the bread of life,
whereon our souls do feed.

In our time give thy peace, O Lord,
To nations far and nigh;

And teach them all thy word, that they
may sing to thee most high.

Part of the HUMBLE SUIT of a SINNER.

1 **O** Lord, on whom I do depend,
 behold my careful heart;
And when thy will and pleasure is,
 release me of my smart.

For sin hath so inclosed me
 and compass'd me about,
That I am without remedy,
 if mercy help not out.

For mortal man cannot release
 or mitigate my pain,
But only Christ, my Lord and God,
 who for my sins was slain.

Though sin doth hinder me a while;
 when thou shalt see it good,
I shall enjoy the sight of him
 who shed for me his blood.

And as thy angels and thy saints
 do now behold the same,
So trust I to possess that place,
 with them to praise thy Name.

Part of the LAMENTATION of a SINNER.

1 **O** Lord, turn not thy face away
 from him that lies prostrate,
Lamenting sore his sinful life
 before thy mercy gate,
Which thou dost open wide to those
 that do lament their sin:

O shut

O shut it not against me, Lord,
 but let me enter in.
 O call me not to strict account
 How I have lived here;
 For then I know right well, O Lord,
 most vile I shall appear.
 O Lord, I need not to repeat
 what I do beg or crave:
 For thou dost know before I ask,
 The thing that I would have.
 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
 this is the total sum:
 For mercy, Lord, is all my suit,
 O let thy mercy come.

Part II.

1 O Lord, in thee is all my trust,
 give ear unto my woful cry:
 Refuse me not that am unjust,
 but cast on me thy heav'nly eye.
 Behold how I still do lament
 my sins wherein I do offend:
 Shall I for them have punishment,
 since thee to please I do intend?
 No, no, thy will is not so bent
 to deal with sinners in thine ire;
 But when in heart they do repent,
 with speed thou grantest their desire.
 To thee therefore still will I cry,
 to wash away my sinful crime:
 Thy blood, O Lord, is not yet dry,
 but that it may help me in time.

Haste then, O Lord, therefore I pray,
 to pour on me thy gifts of grace;
 That when this life shall pass away,
 in heav'n with thee I may have place;
 Where thou dost reign eternally
 with God, which once thee down did send;
 Where angels do incessantly
 sing praise to thee world without end.

ORDINATION HYMN.

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
 And lighten with celestial fire.
 Thou the anointing Spirit art,
 Who dost thy sev'nfold gifts impart.
 Thy blessed unction from above
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
 Enable with perpetual light
 The dulness of our blinded sight.
 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of thy grace.
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
 Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
 And thee of both to be but one;
 That through the ages all along,
 This, this may be our endless song;
 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise him, all creatures here below,
 Praise him above, y' angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

NEW VERSION.

PSALM I.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
 by ill advice to walk;
 Nor stands in finners ways, nor sits
 where men profanely talk!
 But makes the perfect law of God
 his business and delight;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 and meditates by night.
 Like some fair tree, which fed by streams
 with timely fruit does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 all his designs attend.
 Ungodly men and their attempts
 no lasting root shall find;
 Untimely blasted and dispers'd
 like chaff before the wind.
 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
 before the Judge's face:
 No formal hypocrite shall then
 among the saints have place.
 For God approves the just man's ways,
 to happiness they tend;
 But finners and the paths they tread,
 shall both in ruin end.

Part of PSALM IV.

1 **O** Lord, that art my righteous Judge,
 to my complaint give ear;
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
 have mercy, Lord, and hear.
 While worldly minds impatient grow
 more prosp'rous times to see;
 Still let the glories of thy face
 shine brightly, Lord, on me.
 So shall my heart o'erflow with Joy
 more lasting and more true,
 Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
 successively renew.
 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
 and take my needful rest;
 No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
 of thy defence possest.

Part of PSALM XVI.

5 **M**Y lot is fall'n in that blest land
 where God is truly known;
 He fills my cup with lib'ral hand;
 'tis he supports my throne.
 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
 whose precepts give me light,
 And private Counsel still afford
 in sorrow's dismal night.
 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 my glory does rejoice;
 My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
 wak'd by his pow'rful voice.

Thou

Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
my soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy holy one in death
the least corruption see.

Thou shalt the paths of life display,
which to thy presence lead;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
and joys that never fade.

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord
vouchsafes to be my guide;
The Shepherd by whose constant care
my wants are all supply'd.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
and gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
and to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
in his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death
from fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes
he does my table spread:
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
with oil anoints my head.

Since

Since God doth thus his wond'rous love
 through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 and in his temple spend.

Part of PSALM XXV.

1 **T**O God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice:
 O! let me not be put to shame,
 nor let my foes rejoice.

To me thy truth impart,
 and lead me in thy way;
 For thou art he that brings me help;
 on thee I wait all day.

Thy mercies and thy love,
 O Lord, recall to mind;
 And graciously continue still,
 as thou wert ever, kind.

Let all my youthful crimes
 be blotted out by thee;
 And for thy wond'rous goodness' sake,
 in mercy think on me.

His mercy and his truth
 the righteous Lord displays,
 In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
 and teaching them his ways.

Part of PSALM XXXI.

19 **H**OW great thy mercies are
 to such as fear thy name,
 Which

Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
doft to the world proclaim!

I faid in hafty flight,

“ I'm banish'd from thy eyes :”

Yet ftill thou kept'ft me in thy fight,
and heard'ft my earneft cries.

O ! all ye faints, the Lord

with eager love purfue ;

Who to the juft will help afford,
and give the proud their due.

Ye that on God rely,

courageoufly proceed :

For he will ftill your hearts fupply

With ftrength in time of need.

Part of PSALM XXXII.

HE's blefs'd, whose fins have pardon
gain'd,

no more in judgment to appear ;

Whose guilt remiffion has obtain'd,

and whose repentance is fincere.

While I conceal'd the fretting fore,

my bones confum'd without relief ;

All day did I with anguifh roar ;

but no complaints affuag'd my grief.

No fooner I my wound difclos'd,

the guilt that tortur'd me within,

But thy forgivenefs interpos'd,

and mercy's healing balm pour'd in.

True

True penitents shall thus succeed,
 who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
 And from the common Deluge freed,
 shall see remorseless finners drown'd.
 Sorrows on sorrows multiply'd,
 the harden'd sinner shall confound:
 But them who in his truth confide,
 Blessings of mercy shall surround.

Part of PSALM XXXIV.

1 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
 in trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 my heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 till all that are distressed,
 From my example comfort take,
 and charm their griefs to rest.

O! magnify the Lord with me,
 with me exalt his Name:
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 he to my rescue came.

O! make but trial of his love,
 experience will decide
 How blest they are, and only they,
 who in his truth confide.

Part of PSALM XXXIX.

4 **L**ORD, let me know my term of days,
 how soon my life will end:

The

The num'rous train of ills disclose,
which this frail state attend.

My life, thou know'st, is but a span,
a cypher sums my years ;

And ev'ry man, in best estate,
but vanity appears.

Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitless cares oppress'd :

He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be possess'd.

Why then should I on worthless toys
with anxious cares attend ?

On thee alone my stedfast hope
shall ever, Lord, depend.

Part of PSALM XLI.

1 **H**APPY the man, whose tender care
relieves the poor distress'd !

When troubles compass him around,
the Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
in safety shall prolong ;

And disappoint the will of those
that seek to do him wrong.

If he in languishing estate,
oppress'd with sickness, lie ;

The Lord will easy make his bed,
and inward strength supply.

Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my pray'r address'd :

“ Lord

“ Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
 “ tho’ I have much transgress’d.”

Part of PSALM XLII.

1 **A**S pants the heart for cooling streams,
 when heated in the chace :
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 and thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine ;
 O ! when shall I behold thy face,
 thou Majesty divine ?

Tears are my constant food, while thus
 insulting foes upbraid :
 “ Deluded wretch ! where’s now thy God?
 “ and where his promis’d aid ?”

I sigh whene’er my musing thoughts
 those happy days present,
 When I with troops of pious friends
 thy temple did frequent :

When I advanc’d with songs of praise
 my solemn vows to pay,
 And led the joyful sacred throng
 that kept the festal day.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 to thankful hymns of joy.

Part

Part of PSALM LI.

1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
as thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
and cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
how great my guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord. alone,
and only in thy sight,
Have I transgress'd, and tho' condemn'd
must own thy judgments right.

In guilt each part was form'd
of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the heir of sin and shame.

With hyssop purge me, Lord ;
and so I clean shall be :
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
when purify'd by thee.

Make me to hear with joy,
thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke,
may with fresh strength rejoice.

Blot out my crying sins,
nor me in anger view ;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
an upright mind renew.

Part of PSALM LVII.

1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, to me extend;
 On thy protection I depend;
 And to thy wing for shelter haste,
 Till this outrageous storm is past.
 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sov'reign judge, and God most high,
 Who wonders hast for me begun,
 And wilt not leave thy work undone.
 O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 It's thankful tribute to present;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
 Awake my glory, harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute:
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.
 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round:
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
 Be thou, O God, exalted high;
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

Part of PSALM LXIII.

1 **O** GOD, my gracious God, to thee
 My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be;
 for thee my thirsty soul does pant:

My

My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
where I refreshing waters want.
O, to my longing eyes, once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
which thy majestic house displays;
Because to me thy wond'rous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
my lips shall always speak thy praise.
My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
with lifted hands adore his name:
My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
while I with joy his praise proclaim.
When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind:
and when I wake in dead of night:
Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.

Part of Psalm LXV.

1 **F**OR thee, O God, our constant praise
in Sion waits, thy chosen seat:
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
and all our zealous vows complete.
O thou, who to my humble pray'r
didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
and at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins (though numberless) in vain
to stop thy flowing mercy try;
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
and wastest out the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
within thy sacred dwelling lives!

Whilst we at humbler distance taste
the vast delights thy temple gives.

Part of PSALM LXVI.

1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
to God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
and spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
in all thy works art thou!

To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.

Through all the earth the nations round
shall thee their God confess;

And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
of thy great name express.

O! come, behold the works of God;
and then with me you'll own,

That he to all the sons of men
has wond'rous judgments shown.

Part II.

16 **O** Come, all ye that fear the Lord,
attend with heedful care;
Whilst

Whilst I what God for me has done,
with grateful joy declare.

As I before his aid implor'd;
so now I praise his name;

Who, if my heart had harbour'd sin,
would all my pray'rs disclaim.

But God to me, when'er I cry'd,
his gracious ear did bend;

And to the voice of my request
with constant love attend.

Then bless'd for ever be my God,
who never, when I pray,

With-holds his mercy from my soul,
nor turns his face away.

Part of PSALM LXVII.

TO bless thy chosen race,
in mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
on all thy saints to shine:

That so thy wond'rous way
may through the world be known;
Whilst distant lands their tribute pay,
and thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
to celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.

O let them shout and sing,
dissolv'd in pious mirth;

For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
 shalt govern all the earth.

Then shall the teeming ground
 a large increase disclose ;

And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 which God, our God, bestows.

Then God upon our Land
 shall constant blessings show'r,
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 of his resistless pow'r.

ANOTHER.

1 **O**UR God, bless us all
 with mercy and love ;

The cherishing beams
 of favour bestow ;

That earth his just dealings
 may see and approve,

His healing salvation
 all people may know.

Let therefore mankind,

O God, praise thy name,

For joy shout and sing,
 to see thy just ways :

With wisdom thou govern'st
 the world's mighty frame ;

Let therefore all nations,

O God, give thee praise.

Then shall the glad earth
 afford her encrease ;

And God, our own God,
 still present appear,

To

To bless us and ours
with plenty and peace;
And earth's remote borders
of him stand in fear.

Part of PSALM LXXX.

1 **O** Ifr'el's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
our pray'rs to thee vouchsafeto hear;
Thou that dost on the cherubs ride,
again in solemn state appear.
Behold the vineyard made by thee,
which thy right hand did guard so long;
And keep that branch from danger free,
which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.
So shall we still continue free
from whatsoe'er deserves thy blame;
And if once more reviv'd by thee,
will always praise thy holy name.
Do thou convert us, Lord, do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
like scatter'd clouds, shall pass away.

Part of PSALM LXXXIV.

1 **O** God of Hosts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
the brightness of thy face!
My longing soul faints with desire
to view thy blest abode:
My panting heart and flesh cry out
for thee the living God.

O Lord of Hosts, my King and God,
 how highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 and there thy praise display !

For in thy courts one single day
 'tis better to attend,

Than, Lord, in any place besides
 a thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
 the meanest office take,

Than in the wealthy tents of sin
 my pompous dwelling make.

For God, who is our sun and shield,
 will grace and glory give ;

And no good thing will he with-hold,
 from them that justly live.

PSALM XCIII.

1 **W**ITH glory clad, with strength
 array'd,

the Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 and the vast fabrick still sustains.

How surely 'stablish'd is thy throne !

which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 and toss the troubled waves on high ;

But God above can still their noise,
 and make the angry sea comply.

Thy

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
 and they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 must still in holiness excel.

Part of PSALM XCIV.

12 **B**LEST is the man whom thou, O Lord,
 in kindness dost chastise;
 And by thy sacred rules to walk
 dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
 in seasons of distress;
 Whilst God prepares a pit for those,
 that stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his faints
 his favour wholly take;
 His own possession and his lot
 he will not quite forsake.

The world shall then confess thee just
 in all that thou hast done;
 And those that chuse thy upright ways,
 shall in those paths go on.

PSALM C.

1 **W**ITH one consent let all the Earth
 to God their cheerful voices raise;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 and sing before him songs of praise.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 from whom both we and all proceed;

We

We, whom he chooses for his own,
the flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

O enter then his temple gate,
thence to his courts devoutly press,
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
and still his name with praises bless.

For he's the Lord, supremely good,
his mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
to endless ages shall endure.

Part of PSALM CIII.

1 **M**Y soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless ;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
and still thy grateful thanks express.

'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
and after sickness makes thee sound ;
From dangers he thy life retrieves,
by him with grace and mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
and unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath doth slowly move ;
his willing mercy flows apace.

As far as 'tis from east to west,
so far has he our sins remov'd ;
Who with a father's tender breast,
has such as fear him always lov'd.

Let every creature jointly bless
the mighty Lord ; and thou, my heart,
With

With grateful joy thy thanks express,
and in this comfort bear thy part.

Part of PSALM CV.

1 **O** Render thanks, and bless the Lord;
invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
his matchless deeds proclaim.
Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
his wond'rous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
and subject of your verse.
Rejoice in his Almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd:
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
that humbly seek the Lord.
Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
devoutly still implore;
And where he's ever present, seek
his face for evermore.

Part of PSALM CVI.

1 **O** Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love:
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
Has stood and shall for ever last.
Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

Happy

Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgments never stray;
 Who know what's right, not only so,
 But always practise what they know.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.

O may I worthy prove, to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity!
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.

Part of PSALM CVIII.

1 **O** GOD, my heart is fully bent
 to magnify thy name;
 My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
 shall celebrate thy fame.

Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
 thy warbling notes delay;
 Whilst I with early hymns of joy,
 prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
 thy wonders I will tell;
 And to those nations sing thy praise,
 that round about us dwell.

Because thy Mercy's boundless height
 the highest heav'n transcends,
 And far beyond th' aspiring clouds
 thy faithful truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
 above the starry frame;
 And let the world, with one consent,
 confess thy glorious name.

Part of PSALM CXII.

H A L L E L U J A H.

1 **T**HAT man is blest, who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law:
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night:
 To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
 As well as just to all mankind.
 His lib'ral favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends:
 Yet what his charity impairs,
 He saves by prudence in affairs.
 Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
 The sweet rememb'rance of the just
 Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.
 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;
 Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
 A temp'ral and eternal crown.

Part of PSALM CXV.

1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,
but to thy sacred name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake,
and truth's eternal fame.

Why should the heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore ?

Convince them that in heav'n thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy pow'r.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on him they fear, rely ;

Who them in danger can defend,
and all their wants supply.

Of us he oft has mindful been,
and Iſr'el's house will bleſs ;

Priests, Levites, Pros'lytes, even all
Who his great name confess.

They who in death and silence sleep,
to him no praise afford :

But we will bleſs for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVII.

1 **W**ITH chearful notes let all the earth
to heav'n their voices raise ;

Let all, inspir'd with godly mirth,
sing solemn hymns of praise.

God's tender mercy knows no bound,
his truth shall ne'er decay ;

Then let the willing nations round
their grateful tribute pay.

Part of PSALM CXVIII.

24 **T**HIS day is God's; let all the land
exalt their cheerful voice:
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
and make us still rejoice.

Him that approaches in God's name,
let all th' assembly bless;
"We, that belong to God's own house,
"have wish'd you good success."

God is the Lord, through whom we all
both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horn, with cords,
the chosen victim bind.

Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name:
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

O then, with me, give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove;
And let the tribute of our praise
be endless as his love.

Part of PSALM CXIX.

9 **H**OW shall the young preserve their
ways
from all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
with thy commands agree,

D 2 With

With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
 to thee for succour pray ;
 O suffer not my careless steps
 from thy right paths to stray.
 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
 thy word, my treasure, lies ;
 To succour me with timely aid,
 when sinful thoughts arise.
 Secur'd by that, my grateful soul
 shall ever bless thy name ;
 O teach me then by thy just laws
 my future life to frame.

PSALM CXXI.

1 **T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
 from thence expecting aid ;
 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
 who heav'n and earth has made.
 Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,
 thy guardian will not sleep ;
 His watchful care, that Isr'el guards,
 will Isr'el's monarch keep.
 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings
 thou shalt securely rest,
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 by day or night molest.
 From common accidents of life
 his care shall guard thee still :
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
 that lie in wait to kill.

At

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
thy God shall thee defend :
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 **W**HEN Sion's God her sons recall'd
from long captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing dream
of what we wish'd to see :
But soon, in unaccustom'd mirth,
we did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
in thankful hymns of joy.
Our heathen foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the work
our God for us had done.
'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous great;
much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
we reap the glad success.
To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
of Isr'el's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing show'rs
to parch'd and thirsty lands.
That we, whose work commenc'd in tears,
may see our labours thrive,
Till finish'd with success. to make
our drooping hearts revive.

Though he desponds that sows his grain,
 yet doubtless he shall come
 To bind his full-ear'd sheaves, and bring
 the joyful harvest home.

PSALM CXXX.

I FROM lowest depths of woe
 to God I sent my cry ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 and graciously reply.
 Should'st thou severely judge,
 who can the trial bear?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 and quite renounce thy fear.
 My soul with patience waits
 for thee the living Lord :
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
 My longing eyes look out
 for thy enliv'ning ray,
 More duly than the morning watch
 to spy the dawning day.
 Let Isr'el trust in God,
 no bounds his mercy knows ;
 The plenteous source & spring, from whence
 eternal succour flows ;
 Whose friendly streams to us
 supplies in want convey ;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse
 and wash our guilt away.

PSLAM

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 **H**OW vast must their advantage be!
how great their pleasure prove!
Who live like brethren, and consent
in offices of love!

True love is like that precious oil,
which, pour'd on Aaron's head.
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
it's costly moisture shed.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
on Hermon's top distill;
Or like the early drops, that fall
on Sion's fruitful hill.

For Sion is the chosen seat,
where the almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
and life's eternal spring.

Part of PSALM CXXXVI.

1 **T**O God the mighty Lord
your joyful thanks repeat:
To him due praise afford,
as good as he is great:
For God does prove our constant friend,
his boundless love shall never end.

By

By his almighty Hand
 amazing works are wrought ;
 The heav'ns by his command
 were to perfection brought.
 For God, &c.

He spreads the ocean round
 about the spacious land ;
 And made the rising ground
 above the waters stand.
 For God, &c.

Thro' heav'n he did display
 his num'rous hosts of light ;
 The sun to rule by day,
 the moon and stars by night.
 For God, &c.

He struck the first-born dead
 of Egypt's stubborn land ;
 And thence his people led
 with his resistless hand.
 For God, &c.

He does the food supply,
 on which all creatures live :
 To God who reigns on high,
 Eternal praises give.
 For God, &c.

Part of PSALM CXLIII.

1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my cry
 thy wonted audience lend ;
 In thy accustom'd faith and truth
 a gracious answer send.

Nor

Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
 thy servant to be try'd ;
 For in thy sight no living man
 can e'er be justify'd.
 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
 I fervently stretch out ;
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 like land oppress'd with drought.
 Thy kindness early let me hear,
 whose trust on thee depends ;
 Teach me the way where I should go ;
 my soul to thee ascends.
 Thou art my God, thy righteous will
 instruct me to obey ;
 Let thy good spirit lead and keep
 my soul in thy right way.

Part of PSALM CXLV.

1 **T**HEE I will bless, my God and King,
 thy endless praise proclaim :
 This tribute daily I will bring,
 and ever bless thy Name.
 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 and wond'rous works express,
 The world with me thy might shall own,
 and thy great pow'r confess.
 The praise that to thy love belongs,
 they shall with joy proclaim ;
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 shall be the constant theme.

The

The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
 his pity still supplies ;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 his willing mercy flies.

Part of PsALM CXLVIII.

1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame ;
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame :
 Your voices raise, ye cherubim
 And seraphim, to sing his praise.

Thou Moon that rul'st the night,
 And Sun that guid'st the day,
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay.
 His praise declare, ye heav'ns above,
 And clouds that move in liquid air.

Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy Name,
 By whose almighty Word
 They all from nothing came :
 And all shall last, from changes free :
 His firm decree stands ever fast.

Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humbler frame,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim ;
 In this design let youths with maids,
 And hoary heads with children join.

United zeal be shown,
His wond'rous fame to raise,
Whose glorious Name alone
Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends his pow'r obey :
His glorious sway the sky transcends.
His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high ;
And favours Isr'el's race,
Who still to him are nigh.
O therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice the Lord to praise.

Part of PSALM CL.

I **O** Praise the Lord in that blest place,
from whence his goodness largely
flows :
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
Praise him for all the mighty acts,
which he in our behalf has done ;
His kindness this return exacts,
with which our praise should equal run.
Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
make rocks and hills his praise rebound ;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
and gentle psaltry's silver sound.
Let all that vital breath enjoy,
the breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

ANGELS

ANGELS HYMN.

Luke II. ver. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks
by night,
all seated on the ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
and glory shone around.

“ Fear not,” said he, (for mighty dread
had seiz'd their troubled mind,)

“ Glad tidings of great joy I bring
“ to you, and all mankind :

“ To you, in David's town, this day
“ is born of David's line,

“ The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
“ and this shall be the sign :

“ The heav'nly babe you there shall find
“ to human view display'd,

“ All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
“ and in a manger laid.”

Thus speak the seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a shining throng
Of angels praising God, and thus
address'd their joyful song :

“ All glory be to God on high,
“ and to the earth be peace ;

“ Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
“ begin, and never cease.

For

FOR EASTER DAY.

HYMN I.

1 **S**INCE Christ our passover is slain,
a sacrifice for all;

Let all with thankful hearts agree
to keep the festival:

Not with the leaven, as of old,
of sin and malice fed;

But with unfeign'd sincerity,
and truth's unleaven'd bread.

Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,
and rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more, death shall on him
no more dominion have:

For that he dy'd, 'twas for our sins
he once vouchsaf'd to die;

But that he lives, he lives to God,
For all eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
but graciously restor'd,

And made henceforth alive to God,
through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN II.

1 **C**HRIST from the dead is rais'd, and
made

the first-fruits of the tomb;

For, as by man came death, by man
did resurrection come.

E

For,

For as, in Adam, all mankind
 did guilt and death derive ;
 So, by the righteousness of Christ,
 shall all be made alive.

If then ye risen are with Christ,
 seek only how to get
 The things that are above, where Christ
 at God's right-hand is set.

For the HOLY COMMUNION.

H Y M N I.

1 **T**HOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
 art worthy to receive;
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
 and by thy bounty live.
 And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
 honour and wealth, to gain,
 Glory and strength ; who for our sins
 a sacrifice was slain.
 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
 and ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
 by thy most precious blood.
 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
 by all in earth and heav'n,
 To him that sits upon the throne,
 and to the Lamb, be giv'n,

HYMN II.

ALL ye who faithful servants are
of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and small and great,
his praise devoutly sing!

Let us rejoice, and render thanks
to his most holy name;

Rejoice, rejoice; for now is come
the marriage of the Lamb.

His bride herself has ready made,
how pure and white her dress!

Which is her saints' integrity,
and spotless righteousness.

O therefore, bless'd is every one,
who to the marriage-feast

And holy supper of the Lamb,
is call'd a welcome guest!

SELECT HYMNS.

HYMN I. for EASTER-DAY.

- 1 **J**ESUS Christ is ris'n to-day, *Hallelujah.*
 Our triumphant holiday, *Hal.*
 Who so lately on the cross, *Hal.*
 Suffer'd to redeem our loss. *Hal.*
- 2 Hymns of praises let us sing *Hal.*
 Unto Christ, our heav'nly King; *Hal.*
 Who endur'd the cross and grave, *Hal.*
 Sinners to redeem and save. *Hal.*
- 3 But the pains which he endur'd, *Hal.*
 Our salvation have procur'd; *Hal.*
 Now he reigns above the sky, *Hal.*
 Where the angels ever cry, *Hallelujah.*

HYMN II.

Pope.

The DYING CHRISTIAN to his SOUL.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
 Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
 Oh the pain, the bliss, of dying!
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife;
 And let me languish into life.

Hark,

Hark, they whisper: Angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quite,
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be death?
 The world recedes, it disappears;
 Heav'n opens on my eyes; my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring,
 Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly:
 O Grave, where is thy victory?
 O Death, where is thy sting?

HYMN III.

Addison.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I see my Maker, face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 Oh! how shall I appear!
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
 Who does her sins lament,
 The timely tribute of her tears
 Shall endless woe prevent.

- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
 To make her pardon sure.

HYMN IV. ON JUDGMENT. *Cennick,*

- 1 **L**O! He cometh! countless trumpets
 Blow before the bloody sign,
 'Midst ten thousand saints and angels,
 See the Crucified shine:
 Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
 Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb.
- 2 Now his merit, by the harpers,
 Thro' th' eternal deep resounds:
 Now resplendent shine his nail-prints,
 Ev'ry eye shall see his wounds!
 They who pierc'd him, &c.
 Shall at his appearing wail.
- 3 Ev'ry island, sea, and mountain,
 Heav'n and earth shall flee away;
 All who hate him, must, ashamed,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day.
 Come to judgment, &c.
 Stand before the Son of Man.
- 4 Saints, who love him, view his glory,
 Shining in his bruised face;

His dear person on the rainbow,
Now his people's head shall raise.
Happy mourners, &c.
Lo! in clouds, he comes, he comes.

- 5 Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear;
All his people, once despised,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah, &c.

Now the promis'd kingdom's come.

- 6 View him smiling now determin'd
Ev'ry evil to destroy;
All the nations now shall sing him
Songs of everlasting joy.
O come quickly, &c.
Hallelujah! come, Lord, come.

HYMN V. *Doddridge.*

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear:
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n should hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul;
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is fordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

66 SELECT HYMNS.

- 4 Thy grace still dwells upon my heart,
And sheds its fragrance there ;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last lab'ring breath ;
Then speechless clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN VI. *Doddridge.*

- 1 **H**EAV'N has confirm'd the great
decree,
That Adam's race must die ;
One gen'ral ruin sweeps them down,
And low in dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living men, the tomb survey,
Where you must quickly dwell :
Hark, how the awful summons sounds
In ev'ry fun'ral knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;
The solemn purport weigh :
For know, that heav'n and hell are hung
On that important day.
- 4 Those eyes, so long in darkness veil'd,
Must wake the Judge to see ;
And ev'ry word, and ev'ry thought,
Must pass his scrutiny.
- 5 O may I in the Judge behold
My Saviour and my friend ;
And far beyond the reach of death,
With all his saints ascend !

HYMN VII.

Doddridge.

- 1 **W**HY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares;
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down,
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown?
- 3 Th' eternal God calls from above;
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?
- 4 Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects, which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heav'n and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy pow'r impart,
To fix convictions on the heart:
Thy pow'r unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

HYMN VIII.

C. Wesley.

- 1 **H**APPY soul, that, free from harms,
Rests within his Shepherd's arms!
Who his quiet shall molest?
Who shall violate his rest?
- 2 Jesus doth his spirit bear;
Jesus takes his every care;

He,

- He, who found the wand'ring sheep,
Jesus still delights to keep.
- 3 O that I might so believe,
Stedfastly to Jesus cleave;
On his only love rely,
Smile at the destroyer nigh!
- 4 Free from sin and servile fear,
Have my Jesus ever near;
All his care rejoice to prove,
All his paradise of love!
- 5 Jesus, seek thy wand'ring sheep;
Bring me back, and lead, and keep;
Take on thee my ev'ry care;
Bear me, on thy bosom bear.
- 6 Let me know my Shepherd's voice,
More and more in thee rejoice;
More and more of thee receive,
Ever in thy Spirit live:
- 7 Live, till all thy life I know,
Perfect in my Lord below:
Gladly then from earth remove,
Gather'd to the fold above!
- 8 O that I at last may stand
With the sheep at thy right hand;
Take the crown so freely giv'n;
Enter in by thee to heav'n!

HYMN IX. *Wesley's Collection.*

- 1 **H**OLY Lamb, who thee receive,
Who in thee begin to live,

Day

Day and night they cry to thee,
As thou art, so let us be!

2 Jesu, see my panting breast:

See, I pant in thee to rest!

Gladly would I now be clean:

Cleanse me now from ev'ry sin.

3 Fix, O fix my wav'ring mind;

To thy cross my spirit bind;

Earthly passions far remove;

Swallow up our souls in love.

4 Dust and ashes though we be,

Full of guilt and misery;

Thine we are, thou Son of God:

Take the purchase of thy blood!

5 Who in heart on thee believes,

He th' atonement now receives;

He with joy beholds thy face,

Triumphs in thy pard'ning grace.

6 See, ye sinners, see, the flame

Rising from the slaughter'd Lamb

Marks the new, the living way,

Leading to th' eternal day!

7 Jesus, when this light we see,

All our soul's athirst for thee;

When thy quick'ning pow'r we prove,

All our heart dissolves in love:

8 Boundless wisdom, pow'r divine,

Love unspeakable, are thine.

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,

Sons of earth, and hosts of heav'n!

HYMN X.

Wesley's Collection.

- 1 **R**EJOICE evermore, with angels
 above,
 In Jesus's pow'r, in Jesus's love:
 With glad exultation your triumph pro-
 claim,
 Ascribing salvation to God and the Lamb.
- 2 Thou, Lord, our relief in trouble hast
 been;
 Hast sav'd us from grief, hast sav'd us
 from sin:
 The pow'r of thy Spirit hath set our
 hearts free:
 And now we inherit all fulness in thee:
- 3 All fulness of peace, all fulness of joy,
 And spiritual bliss, that never shall cloy;
 To us it is given in Jesus to know
 A kingdom of heaven, a heaven below.
- 4 No longer we join, when sinners invite;
 Nor envy the swine their brutish delight;
 Their joy is all sadness, their mirth is all
 vain,
 Their laughter is madness, their pleasure
 is pain.
- 5 O might they at last with sorrow return,
 The pleasures to taste, for which they
 were born;
 Our Jesus receiving, our happiness prove,
 The joy of believing, the heaven of love!

SELECT HYMNS. 61

HYMN XI. Watts.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our chearful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine:
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 Let all that dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.
- 5 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of Him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

HYMN XII. Watts.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice, that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
 Their bodies to the tomb?
 There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
 And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 And soften'd ev'ry bed.
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with the dying head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
 And shew'd our feet the way:
 Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
 At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise;
 Awake, ye nations under ground;
 Ye saints, ascend the skies.

HYMN XIII.

Watts.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of our's.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these trifling toys:
 Our souls, how heavily they go
 To reach eternal joys!
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever be
 In this poor dying state?

Our

Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And thine to us so great?

- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle our's.

HYMN XIV. *Watts.*

- 1 **I**S this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow!
- 2 To what a stubborn frame
Hath sin reduc'd our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we;
And God as strangely kind!
- 3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sov'reign grace, these hearts of
stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.
- 4 Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

HYMN XV. *Watts.*

- 1 **W**HEN I servey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died;
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm'd me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down !
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree :
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small :
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

HYMN XVI.

Watts.

- 1 **S**ALVATION ! Oh, the joyful sound ;
'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay :
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation ! Let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

HYMN

HYMN XVII. *Watts.*

- 1 **D**ESCEND from heav'n, immortal
Dove;
Stoop down, and take us on thy wings;
And mount and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things:
- 2 Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll;
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 3 O for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crown'd with light;
Cloath'd in a body like our own.
- 4 Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and pow'rs before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all!
- 5 O what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev'ry heav'nly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their king!
- 6 When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above,
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

I.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

II.

TO God the Father, Son,
and Spirit Glory be ;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
to all eternity.

III.

BY angels in heav'n,
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be address'd,
To God three in Person,
One God ever bless'd ;
As it has been, now is,
And ever shall be.

15 JY 64

IV.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, y' angelic host :
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.